Berenda, Feby, 2 d, 1899.

My Dearest Mae.

Having got about all my monthly reports off my hands will try and answer your very welcome letter rec'd last Thursday.

Am still at "JX" as Berenda is called on the wire, and from indications it seems they have forgotten that there is a station here as to date havenot ieard anything as to who new agent will be, some fine day expect somebody will come along and "bump me".

If was sure would be here any length of time would like to have you come down and see me, no Mae the place is not as desireable a one as Los Banos to live in there is only about 25 or 30 people in the town, good many farms near, whe Valley road runs within about two miles of here can see the trains from the station, they use to fool me at first would think it was one of our trains and run out to see what it was only to find my mistake as the train would go by.

Have been drinking considerable milk since have been here and have had quite a billious attack from it, am now taking some medicine to get braced up again, get up mornings with a coated tongue

and feeling rocky all around.

So the Dr thinks you would feel better if you was with me, well I hope he is right, think I would feel better myself.

Rec'd a letter from my mother today and she tells me she has been sick in bed with the Grippe but is up again now,-is still feeling very unwell from the effects of it, she asked where you and baby were said he had not heard from you for quite a while.

Hope baby and yourelf are both well and getting along nicely, you should have went to the candy pull and tryed to enjoy yourself, they had quite a dance here Saturday night but like the rest of

the little boys, I was put to bed early and did not join the festivities

Had an accident few minutes after I wrote yoxxxx the last letter to you, broke my eye and had to send for another one, took it out to wipe it off and it broke, must have been some defect in the glass so was out $10. there, if I was making a thousand dollars a week think something would happen to take it, all. Guess my luck will change in the sweet bye and bye when every day is a Sunday and I have grown a little pair of wings.

Hope next time I write to have some definite news as to

whether I am going to stay here or not.

It is now half past eight, my bed time, so will write more another time, love and kisse to yourself and baby, OI am still your.

OW.

Mrs. C. L. Van Meter.

Lafayette, Contra Costa., Co.

California.